And Roses And Roses

Astrud Gilberto

Everyday I sent another present,
Just to let her know how very much I care . . .
Wrote a little love note with each present,
But it didn't seem to get me anywhere . . .

My poor worried heart was almost certain,
That this love affair would never be . . .
Then I sent a dozen yellow roses,
Then from that moment she belonged to me . . .

Roses, roses, roses I thank all the roses
That bloom in the spring . . .
Love is a wonderful thing,

The rest of my life I will bring her
Roses and roses and roses of love . . .

Roses, roses, roses I thank you for saying
What I couldn't say . . .
Oh!, what a wonderful way,
To tell her, "I Love You" each day,
With roses and roses and roses of love . . .
And roses and roses and roses of love,
And roses and roses and roses . . .

Words and Music by Ray Gilbert
and Dorival Caymmi , 1965

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